

The Mirror
or
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

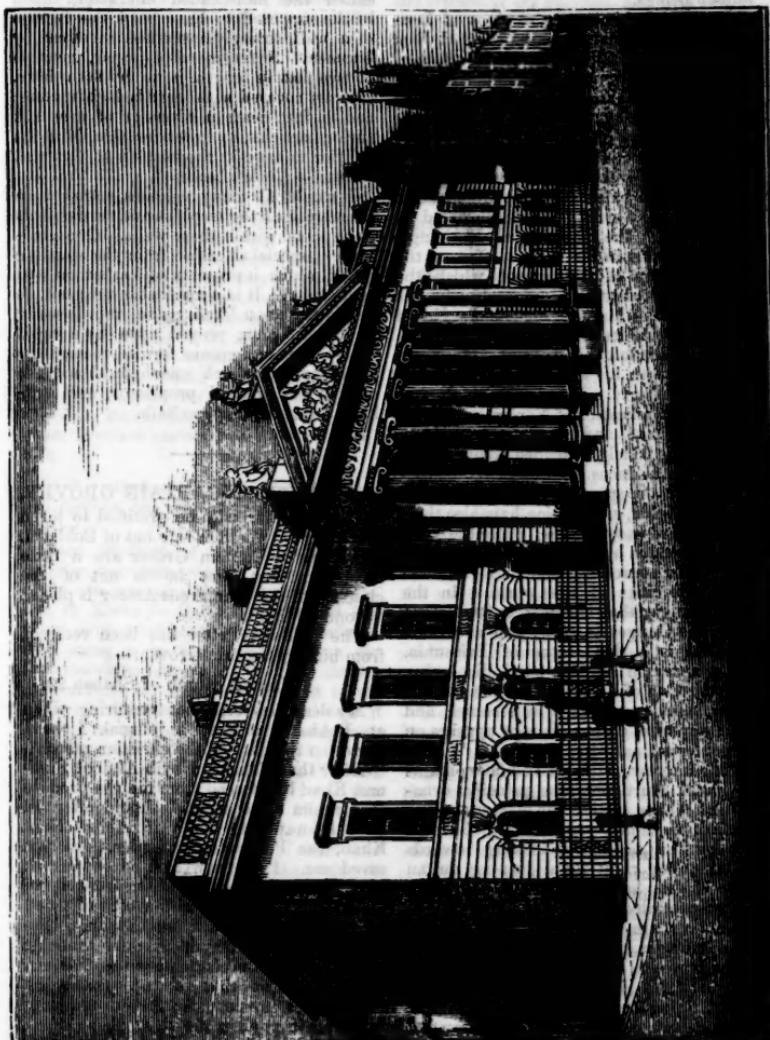
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THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.



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[VOL. XLIV.

THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.

This noble structure, the palace of the Merchant Princes of the East, stands on the south side of Leadenhall Street, on the site, or nearly so, of the ancient *Leaden Hall*, from which the great thoroughfare leading to Whitechapel derives its name.

It is from this edifice that those edicts from time to time are issued, which regulate the destinies of a hundred million of human beings.

In the graphic representations of London, in former times, we find the old East India House exhibited as a plain, substantial edifice. The growing importance of the Company called for one more appropriately magnificent; and the present pile rose in the reign of George III. We enter it beneath a portico of six fluted columns, supporting a freize, and two wings surmounted by a balustrade. It would seem to have been, in some respects, imitated by Mr. Tite in the new Royal Exchange. The tympanum in the centre offers to the view a group of figures, of which the principal represents the monarch who sat on the throne when the East India House was built. He leans on a sword, which he grasps in his left hand; and he appears protecting with his shield, Britannia, who embraces Liberty. Mercury, with an allegorical personification of Navigation, attended by tritons and sea-horses, as emblems of the widely extended commerce of England, introduces Asia to Britannia, before whom she spreads her richest stores. Order, Religion, and Justice, have also their sculptured representatives; while the City Barge, attended by Integrity and Industry, point to the sources of London's greatness among the cities of the world. In the western angle, the Thames; in its eastern angle, the Ganges is seen; and above the pediment is a fine statue of Britannia, with a spear in her left hand, displaying aloft the Cap of Liberty. In the eastern corner, Asia is seen seated on a camel; and in the opposite corner, Europe appears on her nobler animal—the horse.

"The interior of this vast edifice contains the grand court-room, the principal ornament of which is the fine design, in bas relief, of Britannia seated on a globe, on a rock by the sea-shore, looking towards the east; her right hand leaning on an union shield, her left holding a trident, and her head decorated by a naval crown. Behind her are two boys; one leaning on a cornucopia, the other diverting himself among flowing riches. Female figures, emblematic of India, Asia, and Africa, present the different productions of their climes: Thames, with his head crowned with rushes, fills up the group. This room contains many fine paintings connected

with Indian scenery or affairs, as does the new sale-room. The library contains a very considerable collection of interesting and curious Indian literature. Every book known to have been published in any language whatever, relative to the history, laws, or jurisprudence of Asia, is to be found here, besides an unparalleled collection of manuscripts in all the Oriental languages. The Museum contains the Babylonian inscriptions, written in what is called the nail-headed character, upon bricks supposed to have been the facings of a wall strongly cemented together by bitumen. A fragment of jasper, upwards of two feet in length, is to be seen here, entirely covered with inscribed characters; and, in fact, such a diversity of rare and curious articles, as to render this Museum inferior to none in the display of Oriental rarities.—*Cooke's London.*"

It would fill many volumes were we to enumerate all the trophies and rare objects to be found within these walls. One challenges especial attention from the startling union which it presents of barbarism and refinement. It is a musical instrument, to be played upon like a piano, representing an Englishman, preyed upon by a tiger, whose cries and groans formed part of the sweet sounds which once gladdened the ears of its original proprietor, and, perhaps, contriver, Tippoo Saib.

DR. WOLFF AND CAPTAIN GROVER.

Every reader will be gratified to learn that poor Dr. Wolff is safe out of Bokhara. His letters to Captain Grover are a little incoherent, but that he is out of the clutches of the murderous Ameer is placed beyond all doubt.

The following letter has been received from him by Captain Grover:—

Meshed, month of Shaban 23.

My dear Grover,—Not venturing when at Bokhara to keep a journal, I have forgotten the date of the christian month!

After the infamous Nayib Abdool Summut Khan had forced from me the promise to pay him 6,000 tillas, I should after all have been put to death if Abbas Kulli Khan, the Persian ambassador, had not saved me. I am now arrived in Persia, broken down in constitution, robbed of everything I had, and with a debt of 6,000 tillas (2,500*l.*), which I am to pay to the brother of the Nayib Abdool Summut Khan, who is to accompany me to Tehran.

You thought that 4,000*l.* could be collected for my purpose; if you can now assist me in paying the debt above mentioned to the infamous Nayib, who forced the promise from me in his garden,

surrounded by his guards, well; if not, I shall be obliged to go to prison in Persia.

The king has also sent with me an ambassador who is to go to England, and the Nayib has forced me to promise to pay the expenses of that ambassador out of the money he advanced me. That same ambassador has excited the Turcomans of Mawr and Sarakehs against us; *i. e.*, against Abbas Kulli Khan and myself, on our way to Meshed, and forced Abbas Kulli Khan to pay him and the other ambassador appointed for Persia 150 tillas in the midst of the desert.—Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Mesched.

The above, though dated from Mesched, was written at Mostroon. I am now at Mesched, and two hours after me your gholum (special courier), Ali Ahmed Beyk, arrived; he found me broken down in Mullah Mehdee's house. I will only add, that the Nayib wants only the interest of the above money, to be paid to his son when of age. The ambassador from Bokhara is also here; he has letters and presents for the shah, the sultan, and Queen Victoria. The Nayib has settled with the king that I should bear the ambassador's expenses from the money the Nayib expects to be paid back. I am not yet out of danger, but am too confused to explain all now. Mullah Mehdee will do it for me. Lieut. Wyburd has been murdered at Bokhara.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

To this mention of Lieut. Wyburd, Captain Grover has appended the following note:—

Lieut. Wyburd, of the Indian navy, is another diplomatic victim. This talented officer was sent on a secret diplomatic mission to Khiva in the year 1835, and has never since been heard of. This unfortunate man, it is right to say, was not abandoned to his fate by the British government; for, in a letter written to me by Lord Aberdeen's direction, I find it stated, that on Col. Stoddart's being sent on his mission to Bokhara, in 1838, he was instructed to inquire after Lieut. Wyburd. I have not, however, been able to learn that any effort has been made in his behalf since that time. I directed Dr. Wolff to obtain all the information he could concerning this unfortunate man, and to purchase his freedom should he be in slavery. The doctor says he has been murdered at Bokhara; but it remains to be seen on what evidence that assertion is made.

I am advised to state an interesting circumstance that occurred to me at St. Petersburg, as it will show that the good doctor's mission has not been entirely useless. Dr. Wolff was authorised to draw

upon my private fortune for the ransom of any christian prisoners he might find at Bokhara. In the first batch he purchased were ten Russians, and this circumstance was fortunately known before my arrival in Russia. A message from his imperial majesty was brought to me by the British minister, expressing his majesty's thanks, and wish to reimburse me. My reply was—that I considered it a very great honour to have been in any way instrumental in the release of his subjects, and that repayment was out of the question.

I am glad to take this opportunity to publicly thank his majesty for his kind declaration, conveyed to me by the British minister—"That he would do everything in his power for the relief of Dr. Wolff."

John Grover, Captain, Unattached. Army and Navy Club, Nov. 6, 1844.

THE CHILDREN OF SONG, OR THE FATAL WREATH.

Italy, says the *Wexford Conservative*, is the land of poetry, even in its crimes; and it gives in proof of this a narrative, poetically or romantically written, said to be "a literal fact of recent occurrence."

It sets out with a gorgeous description of a beautiful *cantatrice*. All Naples enthusiastically admired Gambrica. Her large figure, symmetrical and commanding, recalled Cleopatra or Juno. Her features were sweet and noble. On her queenly brow dignity sat enthroned; and all the lofty, and all the tender passions were reflected in turn on her classic and ever eloquent face. Her smile sent a sunshine through the multitude. Her step across the stage caused a stir of delight. Her gestures, like those of a prophetess, interpreting to mortals the language of heaven, made the pulse beat, and the heart heave in the bosom—and all majestic, her superb and awful form, full of inspiration—a statue beyond the chisel of Angelo or Praxiteles; her countenance, a manifestation of all that Rossini ever imagined, or Raphael drew. It was curious to witness the tempest of delight, the hurricane, the earthquake, which involved the assembly, and overwhelmed the performances in a chaos of frantic acclamations.

This splendid being, we are told, was a native of Italy. She had inhaled fire from the sun. Had she been born in Nova Zembla, that bosom had held a heart of passion. Enthusiasm, for good or evil, would have been her leading quality. She had always lived in the glare of public observation, and quaffed the intoxicating draught of applause. It had become to her a necessary aliment—a want—a demand of her nature. Without it she would have faded like a

rose without light. In infancy she danced as a fay, or floated as an angel, amid murmurs of delight. As time ripened her form, and touched it with the seducing grace of girlhood, she had dazzled mortal eyes as sylph, naiad, or princess; and when, at length, years rolling like summer hours over the rose, had only expanded her into more bewildering loveliness — had only awakened new and more dangerous power —she had queened it as if, indeed, a veritable enchantress. Adorning fame and dwelling amidst its beams as the eagle near the sun, she had little sympathy with, or knowledge of, the common earth. Wealth was gathered by her as if it floated in the streams, and fell like manna over the plains. She scarce knew ambition; for she was on the "topmost round." The world was below her—mankind at her feet.

On one memorable night, Gambrica, after a considerable absence, was to appear in her most celebrated character. The Neapolitans crowded to admire. It chanced, on this occasion, that the second character of the piece was entrusted to a young female, who had tremblingly ventured to make her *début* on this evening. Her simple and sweet taste; the quality, extent, and power of her voice, had more than once gained a word of condescending encouragement from the despotic mistress of song. She did not come on till after the entrance of Gambrica, by whom, as well as by the audience, her unpretending efforts, her unpronounced name, had been unnoticed. But scarcely had she presented herself when a murmur of surprise ran through the auditory. Nothing more unlike Gambrica could be imagined; yet so soft, ingenious, modest, and *spirituelle* were her air, shape, and countenance, and so wonderfully was the impression created by her appearance, confirmed and deepened by her voice and grace, that, as if by a preconcert, an audible and universal whisper of "who is she?" was heard, and a general stir from all parts of the house.

She gave the few introductory passages in a new, and exquisite manner, till at the end of a brilliant and most difficult *solo*, executed with a taste, ease, simplicity, and power not excelled—not equalled by Gambrica herself—a startled "bravol bravol!" uttered in the tone of one thrown off his guard by rapture, broke the spell of silence, and such peals burst forth as made the house tremble.

The performances were stopped. The audience rose in a body. Handkerchiefs, gloves, and hats, waved in the air from the high dome to the feet of the lovely being, herself astonished at the tumult she had raised.

Gambrica, from the green room, heard these ominous sounds. She hastened

forth, and from an unobserved retreat, beheld the sight-blasting view of a rival, potent with all the spells of grace, youth, beauty, and genius—a rival, conjured up from no one knew where. From the lips of the hundreds she heard undisguised rapture, sanctioning, leading on the triumph of this new and all-resplendent enemy. Her breath failed—strength forsook her limbs—rage and despair filled her bosom, paralysed her efforts, and painted themselves in her countenance.

The interesting *debutante* Marina, continued to rise in favour of the audience, and her very dissimilarity to Gambrica, gave a new impetus to her success. After Gambrica, Marina pleased by force of novelty and contrast. Her very faults were a relief. She was like the sighing of a flute after the blast of a trumpet.

Gambrica felt that the sceptre was slipping from her hands. The applauses she subsequently received were not what they had been. She went from the stage, after having lost all inspiration, trembling, desolate, as if an evil spirit had taken possession of her. A large mirror hung in the green room. She gazed at herself in it. Her countenance was haggard—her features dark and heavy with passion—and through the last shadow of her gloom at this ill-opportune and miserable moment, she detected a wrinkle on her brow, and upon the sable and glossy hair parted over her forehead, two or three lines of white. It is thus that mortality breaks upon the aspirations of earthly dreamers.

The curtain fell, but the audience remained, and, with vehement clamours, demanded the manager. On his appearance, a general cry expressed the wish that Marina should receive an engagement as *prima donna*. The ready caterer for their pleasure acquiesced, of course, delighted to find a new treasure. Three heavy rounds of applause offered a parting tribute to the newly risen star.

For some days nothing was talked of but Marina. Gambrica's name was scarcely heard. Marina filled every heart. Marina was the theme of every *café*, every street, every square.

"How unlike Gambrica!" was the ungrateful exclamation.

"Ah! *Poverina*, she has had her day," cried one.

"She was good, but she is terribly *passe*," said another.

"A sun-flower by the rose," said a fourth.

"Too large—too round—too tall—too heavy—her hair too black, her eyes no softness," added a fifth.

"Then," said the first, "however dramatic, we are always cloyed with a style too studied and voluptuous. Nature is too elaborately improved upon. Nothing is left to

itself,—may be the first of her school, but the school of Marina is the first. Did you observe her attitude last night when she drew the dagger?"

"Yes, a fishwoman going to fight."

The comments were not long unheard by Gambrica. They caused her to experience the most excruciating anguish. Nothing seemed capable of arresting the triumphant progress of the new *siren*. She was announced for an important part. The night came, and the theatre was besieged by an enthusiastic throng. Equipage after equipage dashed up. Party after party of bewildered faces and dazzling shoulders hastened in. Each seat was filled, the aisles were crowded; the lobbies overflowed, and the nobility, fashion, science, and loneliness, who were fortunate enough to secure places were there assembled.

In a small private box, over the stage, in full view, sat Gambrica, alone; a spectator of this eventful hour, dressed in a style sternly simple—a robe of white. On her uncovered head no ornament, but the raven hair over her brow. It was observed that once or twice her dark eyes flashed, and her cheek was pale and grave.

"Poor Gambrica!" whispered many, "her day is over."

Marina appeared. She was trebly successful—as the loveliest creature that ever was seen—as the most touching, noble, and pure actress; and as a singer, transcendent over all her predecessors. As she proceeded in her role, at each instant subduing, electrifying, inspiring her hearers; their enthusiasm and applause arose to an exultation indescribable, and when she had twice sung the *finale*, the rounds of applause were blended into one continued shock, the audience rose in a delirium, an ecstasy, rarely seen out of an Italian house, and crowns, verses, wreaths, flowers, laurels, and roses, were showered down at her feet.

Few sights are more striking. Next to a Roman ovation come the half unearthly triumphs of the opera.

Gambrica arose, attracting universal attention, and for a moment the stormy roar abated. The dethroned queen lifted her tall figure, and turned her eyes upon the agitated multitude. In her hand, and resting upon the balustrade, she grasped a massive wreath of ever living green. "Generous Gambrica," cried a voice, "she will award the wreath!"

The most lively applause followed this suggestion, proclaiming at once that it was magnanimous and just, and the lips of thousands echoed, "The wreath! the wreath!" There was a moment's silence.

"Let her advance," was heard distinctly in every part of the house, in the silver tones of that well known voice.

Marina, her lashes glittering with tears,

her cheek flushed, her bosom heaving with delight, advanced a few steps, and bent her beautiful head in an attitude sweet as Psyche before the mother of Love.

That arm, majestic, was raised aloft. The wreath was cast. A chaos of applause greeted its fall—but high, shrill, and audible above the roaring thunder, pierced the shriek of that lovely victim.

Marina fell dead upon the boards crimsoned with her blood.

The fatal wreath was of BRONZE.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BEAUFORT.



Arms.—Quarterly France and England, within a bordure, compony, ar., and az.

Crest.—A porcupine, or, nailed, az., with chains pendent thereto, gold.

Supporters.—Dexter, a panther, ar., spotted of various colours, fire issuant from the mouth and ears, ppr., gorged with a plain collar, and chained, or; sinister, a wivern, wings endorsed, vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand, couped at the wrist gr.

Motto.—*Mutare vel timere sperno.* "I scorn to change or to fear."

This family is illegitimately deduced from a branch of the house of Plantagenet, being thus lineally descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster (son of Edward III), who caused all his natural children (afterwards legitimatised), by Catharine Swinford, daughter of Sir Payn Roet, alias Guyn, king of arms, and widow of Sir Otes Swinford, knt., to whom he was eventually married, to be called Beaufort, from the castle of that name, in the comté Anjou, the place of their nativity, which castle came, in the year 1276, to the house of Lancaster, by the marriage of Blanche, daughter of Robert, first count of Artois, with Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III, of England. Of the three sons of John of Gaunt, the second was consecrated bishop of Winchester in 1405. He was the celebrated cardinal Beaufort, lord chancellor of England. The eldest, Sir John Beaufort, was created earl of Somerset, in 1396, and, in two years afterwards, marquis of Dorset, which dignity he subsequently

resigned, and was created marquis of Somerset. On the accession of Henry IV, he was made lord chamberlain when he is styled earl of Somerset only. He was a K.G., and captain of Calais. His descendant Henry, duke of Somerset, fell into the hands of the Yorkists at the battle of Hexham, and was beheaded 3rd April, 1463, leaving an illegitimate son, Charles Somerset. He was succeeded in his honours by his brother, Edmund, duke of Somerset, who was also beheaded, and who dying without issue, as did also his younger brother, John, the male line of John of Gaunt terminated, as well as the descendants of Catherine Swinton, as of his first wife, Blanche, mother of Henry IV. Charles Somerset, the illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, was a person of rare endowments, and executed several most important diplomatic missions; he was subsequently created a knight banneret, made a Knight of the Garter, and appointed captain of the Guards in 1496. In right of his wife, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of William Herbert, earl of Huntingdon, he assumed the title of lord Herbert, and was summoned to Parliament as such in the first year of the reign of Henry VIII. His lordship was constituted lord chamberlain for life, as a reward for the distinguished part he had in the taking of Therrouenne and Tournay, and was created earl of Worcester in 1514. He was succeeded by the only son of his first marriage, Henry, second earl of Worcester, who had received the honour of knighthood during the French campaign, from Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, third earl, who, in 1573, was sent into France with a font of pure gold, for the baptismal ceremony of a daughter of Charles IX, of that kingdom, at which he was to stand, in the queen of England's stead, as one of the sponsors. His son, Edward, was fourth earl, whose son, Henry, fifth earl, was summoned, in the lifetime of his father, to the first Parliament of James I. This nobleman took a decided part in favour of Charles I, and maintained his castle of Ragland, with a garrison of eight hundred men, without levying any contributions upon the country, from 1642 to 1646, and only surrendered it eventually to Sir Thomas Fairfax on most honourable conditions. This castle was amongst the last places in England from whose battlements the royal banner bade defiance to treason; but after its capitulation it was demolished, and the timber in the surrounding parks cut down and sold by the committee of sequestration, occasioning a loss to the noble proprietor, moderately estimated at £100,000. The earl was advanced to the dignity of marquis of Worcester, 2nd

November, 1642. He died in 1646, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, second marquis, who was appointed, by Charles I, lord-lieutenant of North Wales, and it is said that he was charged by the king to negotiate with the Irish Rebels Catholics, and to bring over a great body of them for the king's service. The Parliament complained of this, and the king disavowed the earl. The marquis of Worcester left behind him a literary work, entitled, "A century of the names and scantlings of such inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set this down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." First printed in 1663. In this work the power and application of the steam-engine is distinctly described. He was succeeded by his son, Henry, third marquis, who was created duke of Beaufort, 1682. He was succeeded by his grandson and great-grandson, second and third dukes. The latter nobleman dying without issue, the honours devolved upon his brother, Charles Noel, fourth duke. His only son, Henry, fifth duke, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Admiral Boscowen, and by her had eight sons and three daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, sixth duke, K.G., lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the counties of Gloucester, Monmouth, and Brecon. His grace was succeeded in 1836 by his son the present duke.

THE REMAINS OF WEBER.

HEARTLESS HOAX.

There are people who can, on occasions of the most solemn and affecting character, find pleasure in sending forth accounts ridiculously untrue. It was lately announced that the remains of Weber, removed from England, had been interred at Dresden, on the 12th October, and that it was decided by lot what *requiem* should be sung over the grave. This seems to be about as untrue as the absurd reports circulated about portions of the steamer President, letters from those on board, &c., having come to hand. The same report, we hear, reached Hamburg, and occasioned great disappointment in the city, where preparations had been made for giving what was deemed a suitably honourable reception to the remains, on an understanding that they would reach their final resting place by that route. On the 26th ult, however—seventeen days after they were said to have been consigned to the earth in

Dresden—they arrived in the port of Hamburg; and, on the afternoon of that day, 100 vocal and instrumental performers, under the direction of the chief of the orchestra of the theatre, and of the director of the Hanseatic music corps, went on board the *John Bull* steamer; and, amid the ships in the harbour—the English setting the example of displaying their flags half-mast high, and the Germans following—and an audience of thousands who covered the Elbe in boats, poured forth a solemn dirge and greeting to the dead. The coffin was then strewn with flowers; and a very handsome silver chaplet, given by the music-corps in honour of the solemnity, having been placed on the lid, Herr Krebs addressed his fellow-mourners in these words:—

"A grave solemnity has caused us to meet this day in so unusual and extraordinary a manner. We find before us the remains of a man, Carl Maria von Weber, who, as the ingenious creator of modern music, has left to the German nation, of which he was a native, a science which, while it will ever prove a splendid ornament, will also leave his name imperishable. During a period of eighteen years, these dear remains have been resting in a foreign land; they have now, however, been returned to be delivered up to the bosom of their native soil, and to rest for ever in their own peaceful habitation. We greet them solemnly and with sorrowful feelings, such as the remembrance of this great master has aroused in us, and who departed from this sublunary existence in the midst of his brilliant work. Of his earthly being there remains nothing but his science to represent him; but his spirit will continue to reside among us for ages to come; and not him, but ourselves, we honour by this grateful exhibition of our feeling, and in being assembled around his coffin. We thus see thee lowered upon the German river, whose stream shall convey thee back again to the place where the mournful spouse awaits thy arrival with painful desire, and where the hand of former friendship has prepared, in silent zeal, thy last and peaceful habitation. To us, however, the future thoughts of having been the first to greet thee on the return to thy German Fatherland will be refreshing, and amply reward us for this proof of our sincere veneration and love towards thy memory."

In the evening, the *Freischütz* was given at the theatre, to a crowded house. Great preparations are, it is said, making in Dresden to receive the honoured remains. We may add a rumour that the great German instrumental composers are about to give a series of concerts, in the various capitals, in aid of the funds for his monument.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XV.—EFFECTS OF A FALSE ACCUSATION.

After the Mayeux had comforted the orphans, she went up to her own room with the bundle, opened it, and added a counterpane of her own—the only one the poor creature possessed, which had often served to screen her from the cold that reigned in her miserable abode.

In the morning, full of grief on Agincourt's account, the young girl was not able to work; the torments of watching, of uncertainty, and inquietude, had enfeebled her, and had thereby caused her to lose a whole day. Still it was necessary for her to eat to sustain life.

Overwhelming grief, which too often deprives its victims of the power of working, is doubly terrible in cases of the poor. It paralyses their strength, and leaves them a prey to the most distressing poverty.

But the Mayeux, a true and touching type of sisterly devotedness, could still make herself useful, and she summoned up strength to accomplish her task. The most frail creatures are at times gifted with extraordinary vigour of mind, and, it may be said, that with those physical organizations which are infirm and debilitated, the mind dominates the body, and often gives to it incredible strength.

Such was the Mayeux. For twenty-four hours she had neither eaten nor slept, and she had suffered much, during the night, from the inclemency of the weather. In the morning, she had endured much fatigue when going, through sleet and rain, to the Rue Babylone; still her strength was not exhausted—so much does the power of the mind act upon the debilitated frame.

The poor girl, running, and suffering from the weight of her bundle, had reached the Rue St. Mary, and was passing by the side of a commissary of police, when a fat woman, dressed in black, who had followed her, threw two five-franc pieces behind the girl, spoke a few words to the commissary, pointed to the Mayeux, then hastened back to the Rue Brise-Miche. The officer looked at the crowns, picked them up, and shouted, "Stop that woman!" The Mayeux, unaware that these words were addressed to her, paid no attention to them, but continued running. A rude hand, placed upon her shoulder, arrested her progress. A

mob speedily congregated. The poor girl looked round her in fright.

"Ah, you pretend to be deaf, do you?" said the commissary, pushing the Mayeux before her, who, in her fright, let fall her bundle, and trembled in every limb. "Strange, that a girl of your appearance should drop five-franc pieces, and be too proud to pick them up."

"She had them concealed up her hump," shouted a vendor of matches.

Shouts of laughter succeeded this remark.

"I assure you, sir," said the Mayeux, in a trembling accent, "that the money is not mine."

"You are telling a falsehood, young woman. A lady called my attention to your suspicious looks, and remarked, that it was the little humpback that was running away with the big parcel, that had dropped the five-franc pieces."

"Commissary," shouted the match vendor, "don't believe her. Her hump's her shop. Search it, you have no idea what it contains. There's a clock, at all events, for if you put your ear to it, you will hear the ticking."

Shouts and hoots followed this sally of wit.

"Let us see her," vociferated one.

"Perch her on some one's shoulder," cried another.

"What is in that parcel?" interrupted the commissary.

"Monsieur, it is—I am going to"—faultered the poor girl, who, from her natural timidity, could say no more.

"Can't you tell me? Well, give me the parcel, and I shall see."

Thus saying, he snatched the bundle, opened it, and enumerated the articles which he took out.

"These things are not your's," said the commissary.

"No, sir, but I—"

"Why, young woman, you are covetous, indeed, to steal things bigger than yourself."

"I steal!" exclaimed the poor girl, shuddering.

"The guard, the guard!" shouted the mob, and a minute afterwards the gleaming of bayonets were seen on all sides.

"Come along to the station-house," said the commissary, on seeing the guard.

"Oh, sir," said the poor girl, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands with terror, "let me tell you, let me explain—"

"You can do that at the station-house; come along."

"O, for mercy's sake."

"Get up, or I must drag you along."

It is beyond the power of pen or pencil to give a proper idea of this afflicting and painful scene. Weak, and almost fainting, the poor girl was dragged to the station-

house, amid the shouts and vociferations, hisses and groans, of an unprincipled and unruly mob. It makes one shudder to think, that the arrest of innocent and worthy creatures, whose only crime is misery, and whose scanty and mean clothing is almost the only ground for suspicion, may, at all times, take place through malignant or false accusation. We ourselves remember an unfortunate girl, who was wrongfully arrested; she afterwards effected her escape, and flying from her pursuers, ran to the top floor of a dwelling-house, but finding no means of evading her pursuers, she precipitated herself from the window, and had her brains dashed out against the pavement.

After the atrocious accusation of which the poor Mayeux was the unfortunate victim, Madame Grivois hastened to the Rue Brise-Miche, ascended the stairs, opened the door of Madame Baudoin's room, and saw, to her astonishment, Dagobert sitting between his wife and the two orphans.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CONVENT.

A few words will account for the appearance of Dagobert at this moment. The director of the coach-office, judging of the honesty of the ex-grenadier from his military appearance and open countenance, told him that his word was sufficient. Dagobert, however, would not leave. The commissary at last returned, stating that the money was forthcoming; thereupon, the old soldier thinking the matter as settled, thanked the director and the commissary for their complacency, and hastened home.

One may easily conceive the stupor of Madame Grivois, on beholding the old soldier with his wife and the two orphans. The anxiety of Madame Baudoin, however, was equal to Madame Grivois's astonishment, for the orphans had told her that a lady had called in her absence, on business of importance. She was afraid that a word might escape which might excite suspicion, and thereby spoil all. It was a critical moment; but Madame Grivois had profited by the example of her mistress, the Princess de St. Dizier. She stood for a moment silent; then, as if to account for her abrupt entrance, said, "I have just witnessed a sad misfortune. Excuse my excitement. I am so dreadfully agitated."

"What is the matter," demanded Madame Baudoin, trembling.

"I came here a few minutes ago, to speak to you on a most important affair. Whilst I was waiting, a young girl, very much deformed, made up a bundle of several different things. Thinking that you might be detained for some time, I decided

on taking a short walk. Well, when I reached the Rue St. Mary, I saw a large mob. I asked the cause. I was told that it was young woman, whom the commissionary of police had stopped with a large bundle, which was thought to have been stolen. I approached, and what did I see—the young girl that I met here."

"Oh, the poor Mayeux," cried Madame Baudoin, wringing her hands.

"Explain—what bundle is it?" demanded Dagobert.

"Well, my good husband, I must tell you all. Having no money in the house, I asked the poor girl to take several things that I did not require to the pawnbroker's."

"And they think that she has stolen them. Madame, you ought to have interceded, and stated that you knew her."

"That's what I tried to do, sir," said Madame Grivois; "but the guard arrived, and she was taken to the station-house. Seeing that I could do nothing for her, I hastened here to inform you, that all you have to do, is to go to the station-house, and claim the young girl."

At these words, Dagobert seized his hat, and looking at Madame Grivois, said, in a gruff voice, "Madame, you ought to have begun by telling us that;" he then hurried down stairs.

No sooner had Dagobert left, than Madame Grivois looked significantly at Madame Baudoin. She handed her a letter from the Abbé Dubois, saying, "You will see from that letter, the importance of my visit, of which I am exceedingly happy, as it brings me in connection with these two charming young ladies."

Rose and Blanche looked at each other in surprise. Madame Baudoin took the letter. It indeed required the menaces of her confessor to overcome the last scruples of the poor woman, for she trembled at the thought of Dagobert's rage.

"Your relation will be so happy to see you."

"Our relation!" said Rose, in astonishment.

"Certainly; she knew of your arrival, but she has suffered so much from illness, that she has not been enabled to call. Unfortunately, as she states in her letter to Madame Baudoin, you will be only able to see her for a very short time; you will be here again in an hour."

"But can we go, without waiting the return of Dagobert?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Baudoin, with a feeble voice; "for you will be back soon."

"Madame, I wish these dear young ladies would accompany me as soon as possible, as I wish to bring them back before mid-day."

"We are ready, Madame," said Rose.

Rose and Blanche kissed Madame Bau-

doin, who pressed those innocent young creatures to her bosom. She could scarcely refrain from shedding tears when they left, although the poor woman was under the conviction that what she was doing was for their benefit.

To prevent suspicion, Madame Grivois caused the coachman to wait for her at a short distance from the Rue Brise-Miche, where, shortly afterwards, she appeared with the orphans. The young girls got into the coach, followed by Madame Grivois, who whispered something into the coachman's ear. While the young girls were taking their seats, a yelping noise was heard at the bottom of the vehicle. The cause was simply this. Rabat-joie, who, up to that time, had not been observed, bounded into the coach, and the cur, exasperated at such audacity, forgetting his accustomed prudence, snapped at the mouth of Rabat-joie, and bit it. The faithful Siberian dog, irritated by the pain, seized its assailant by the throat, and strangled it. This passed in less time than it takes to write it.

"Come here, Rabat-joie," cried Rose.

"Bless me," said Madame Grivois, turning round to sit down, "this monster of a dog here. It will hurt Monsieur. We can't take it with us, Mademoiselle. Make it go out."

"Leap out, Rabat-joie," cried Rose, pushing him slightly.

The faithful dog hesitated. Sad and supplicating, he looked at the orphans with an air of mild reproach, as if censuring them for sending away their only defender; but on the order being renewed, he reluctantly obeyed.

The coach rolled rapidly along the streets. Madame Grivois called out, "Monsieur, Monsieur." There was a good reason for the dog remaining silent.

"Ah! little obstinate thing; you pout at me because that large, fearful dog got into the carriage. Come along, my little pet. Come and kiss your mistress."

Monsieur still remained silent. Rose and Blanche, who knew the rough habits of Rabat-joie, looked at each other with inquietude.

"Come along you vexing little thing. What an opinion those dear young ladies will form of you. Monsieur, Monsieur—" Saying these words, Madame Grivois stooped, and groping along the bottom of the carriage, seized hold of its paw, which she pulled to her. Astonished at the inanimate touch, she raised the animal, and was horror-struck on finding it lifeless, with the marks of Rabat-joie's teeth on its throat.

"Dead! dead! and already cold. Oh, heaven!" and this woman wept.

The tears of the wicked are inauspicious,

for the reaction of their sufferings, instead of softening their hearts, inflames them with malice and revenge.

After giving way to her grief, the mistress of Monsieur felt herself burning with rage and hatred. Yea, hatred, violent hatred, against those young girls who were the involuntary cause of the death of her dog. Her face became purple, her eyes glared, and she said, in a furious accent, "It was your dog, young ladies, that killed mine."

"Pardon, Madame," said Rose, "we could not help it."

"It was your dog that first bit Rabat-joie," added Blanche.

The expression of fear that showed itself in the countenances of the young girls, called Madame Grivois to herself. She foresaw the fearful consequences that might result from her imprudence. To disguise her feelings more she hid her face in her hands, and pretended to weep.

"Poor lady," said Rose, whisperingly, to her sister; "she weeps; she loved her dog as much as we love Rabat-joie."

"Alas, yes; do you remember how much we wept, when poor old Jovial was killed."

Madame Grivois, at the expiration of a few minutes, raised her head, wiped her eyes, and said in a softened voice: "Excuse me, my dear young ladies, for giving way to my grief, or rather anger, for I was so attached to that poor dog. For six years it has been my constant companion."

"We regret much, Madame, the misfortune; and what vexes us still more is, that it cannot be repaired."

"It was my fault, for I should not have brought it with me. But it was always so sad in my absence. You understand this frailty. A good heart shows itself to beasts as well as to mankind. But the joy which your relative will experience at beholding you, my dear children, will cause my grief to pass away. You are so lovely, and then that singular resemblance that exists between you, seems to add still more to the interest which you inspire."

"Ah, Madame, you are too indulgent."

"Not at all; for I am sure that you resemble each other as much in disposition as you do in face and form."

"That is quite natural, Madame," said Rose, "for, since our birth, we have never been separated one minute, day or night. Our dispositions could not be otherwise than alike."

"Indeed, my dear children! you have always been together. How wretched you would feel, then, if some misfortune caused you to be separated for a time."

"Oh, Madame," said Blanche, smiling, "even very wicked people could not find it in their hearts to separate us; for three months ago, when we were imprisoned, the

governor, who, notwithstanding, was a very surly man, said, on seeing us, 'To separate these poor children would be killing them.' So we remained together, and were as happy as any one could be in prison."

"That speaks much in favour of your excellent hearts, and it does credit to the person who understood the happiness you felt in each other's company."

The carriage stopped, and the coachman hallooed out, "The gate—"

"Ah! we have arrived at your dear relatives," said Madame Grivois.

The gate was at length opened, and the coach rolled into an open court, at the extremity of which was a little door. A large stone building was seen towering above the wall, which, on being observed by Blanche, the poor girl said, with an expression of delight and admiration, "Oh, madame, what a lovely habitation!"

"That's nothing, my dear child, stop till you have seen the interior."

The coachman opened the carriage door, and Madame Grivois and the orphans alighted. Guess the rage of the former, and the surprise of the latter, on beholding Rabat-joie, who, with his ears erect and tail wagging, looked at the children, and seemed waiting to be caressed for his fidelity.

"How!" exclaimed Madame Grivois, who could not conceal her rage—"That abominable creature has followed the carriage."

"A famous dog, nevertheless; my good lady, it never quitted the horse's feet all the way. What splendid limbs it has."

The mistress of the departed Monsieur little relished the eulogy bestowed upon Rabat-joie. She rolled, as it were, with inconceivable rapidity, up to the little door, rang a bell, which was answered by a female, and said, "Here are the two young girls. The orders of the Abbé d'Aigrigny and of the Princess are, that they be instantly separated, put into different cloisters, and be treated as impenitents. You understand. Come along, my dear children," she added, addressing the orphans, "this good woman will conduct you to your relative, and I will come back for you in half an hour. Coachman, keep back that dog."

As soon as the orphans had entered the convent, Madame Grivois went up to the porter, who was a tall robust man, and said, "Nicholas, I will give you ten francs if you kill that large dog."

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, saying, "It will be no easy matter, Madame, to destroy that animal."

"Well, I will give you twenty francs if you kill it in my presence."

"I would require a gun; now, the only weapon I have is a bar of iron."

"That will do; one blow will destroy it. O that I had strength!"

Nicholas brought out the bar of iron, and approaching Rabat-joie with slow steps, holding the bar in his right hand, and clapping his leg with his left, he said, "Come, there's a good fellow, come along."

Rabat-joie, who was crouching at the porch where he had last seen the orphans, rose, looked at Nicholas, and guessing his intention, withdrew in proportion as his antagonist advanced.

"He smells a rat," said Nicholas; "chaff won't catch that animal. There's no getting near him, Madame."

"There; you are an awkward dolt," said Madame Grivois, throwing the man a five-franc piece. "At least, you can chase it from this place."

"That will be easier than killing it, Madame."

The sage Siberian, judging of the fruitlessness of open fight, gained the outward gate, and there took up his station, so that when Madame Grivois passed in the carriage, she saw, with vexation and rage, the murderer of Monsieur waiting with patience the arrival of the orphans.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE INFLUENCE OF A CONFESSOR.

No sooner had the orphans left Dagobert's wife, than the poor woman knelt before her crucifix, and prayed fervently. The tears which she had restrained for some time flowed down her cheeks, and notwithstanding her sincere conviction that she was fulfilling a religious duty, she felt uneasy, and waited with fear and trembling the return of her husband; for she could not convince herself that he was not justified in being angry with her. Besides, the poor mother had grievous news to tell her husband—that of her son's arrest.

At the slightest noise that was heard upon the stair, Madame Baudoin listened attentively, and trembled; then she prayed to God to give her strength to support herself in this severe trial.

The footsteps of Dagobert were at length heard. The poor woman dried her tears, took up her work, and began to sow, but her hands trembled so much that she could not hold her needle. The door opened, and Dagobert entered. "Poor child," he said, throwing his hat violently upon the table; "it is enough to break one's heart."

"You have seen the Mayeux? Have you brought her with you?" demanded Madame Baudoin, forgetting her grief for a moment.

"Yes, I have seen her, but in what a state. Poor girl. The commissary is coming to see you before her dismissal."

Dagobert glanced round the room, and

looking at his wife, he demanded where the children were.

"My dear husband—I—" The poor woman could not articulate another word.

"Where are Rose and Blanche?" demanded Dagobert, gruffly. "Rabat-joie is not here either."

"Do not be angry."

"Come," said Dagobert, abruptly, "you have allowed them to go out with some neighbour, which you should not have done, without going yourself. But how pale you are, my good wife," he added, affectionately taking her by the hand, "are you ill?"

These words, spoken so kindly, affected the poor woman. Burning tears ran down her cheeks, and fell upon Dagobert's hand.

"You weep. Tell me what distresses you, my poor wife. Was it my speaking angrily to you, respecting the poor orphans? Come, be calm; you know that though I have a rough voice, I have a warm heart. If you can rely upon your neighbour, the evil is not much; but, in future, my dear wife, never do anything in respect to them, without consulting me, first. Did they ask to go out?"

"No, my dear. I—"

"No! Who is this neighbour to whom you have confided them? Where has she taken them to, and when will she bring them back?"

"I do not know," murmured Madame Baudoin, with a stifled voice.

"You do not know," cried Dagobert, in a rage, "you knew that I would be back soon. Why did you allow them to go out? I ask you why they did not wait till my return? Answer me. This is enough to harass a saint;" he added, stamping on the floor, "answer me."

The poor woman, losing all courage, allowed herself to become a humble and resigned victim to her husband's rage, for she was determined to remain faithful to her word. Not having strength to rise, she bent her head upon her shoulder, and allowing her arms to fall by her side, said, "Do with me, as you like, but do not ask me what has become of the children, for I cannot tell you."

Had a thunderbolt alighted on the head of Dagobert, he could not have received a greater shock. He instantaneously turned pale; his forehead streamed with cold perspiration, his eyes became fixed, and he remained several minutes as if petrified. Then, recovering as it were, from his torpor, he, with terrible energy, seized his wife by the two shoulders, and, lifting her as lightly as one might lift a feather, he held her out before him, and cried with a frightful accent—

"The children!"

"Have mercy, have mercy!" implored his wife, in a feeble voice.

"Where are the children?" vociferated Dagobert, at the same time grasping tightly the weak and debilitated frame of the poor woman—"Answer me. Where are the children?"

"Kill me, or pardon me; for I cannot tell you."

"Wretch!" cried the soldier, who, mad with rage, grief, and despair, raised his wife up as if he were going to dash her upon the ground. But this excellent man was too brave to commit such an act of cowardly brutality. He looked in her face, placed her on the ground, and clasping his forehead, he remained several minutes stupefied and confounded. All that had taken place seemed incomprehensible to the soldier. That his wife, an angel of goodness, should answer him respecting the daughters of General Simon, who had been entrusted to his care by a dying mother, "Do not ask me about them, for I cannot answer you." The strongest, the firmest mind, would be shaken by this unaccountable behaviour. The soldier, becoming more calm, reasoned with himself thus: "My wife can alone explain this strange mystery. I must neither kill her, nor ill treat her, but employ persuasion to induce her to divulge the secret."

Dagobert took a chair, and pointing to another, he said, "My good wife, sit down there, and listen to me. You are well aware that we cannot continue thus. Just now I gave way to my passion, for which I am exceedingly sorry. I will not do so again, I assure you; still I must know where these children are. Their dying mother confided them to me. I have brought them amidst troubles and afflictions from the heart of Siberia to Paris. Then, do you think, that your answer, 'Do not ask me—I cannot tell you what I have done with them,' will satisfy me. Is it reasonable? Suppose Marshal Simon were to arrive, and to ask me for his children, what would you have me to reply? You see that I am calm. Now, tell me what would be my reply?"

"Alas! my dear husband."

"I have nothing to do with your alases! Tell me what would be my answer."

"Accuse me, and I will tell him that you went out, leaving the children in my charge, and that when you came back, they had gone away, and that I would not tell you where they were."

"And do you think the Marshal would be satisfied with that?"

"Unfortunately, I can tell him no more. You can kill me, but you cannot make me speak."

Dagobert bounded from his chair on hearing this reply; but afraid of again giving way to his rage, he advanced to-

wards the window, opened it, and exposed his burning forehead to the cold wind.

(*To be continued.*)

HAYDON'S CROTCHETS.

Mr. Haydon, everybody knows, is an artist of celebrity. He has a fine talent for snarling, and not a bad opinion of himself. In his lectures we find a great deal that may be cavilled at, but much that is good, and more that is entertaining. We shall copy a few of his reflections on various subjects.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Elgin Marbles, Mr. Haydon says:—"The last words I should wish to utter in this world, till Art gave way to more awful reflections, while my voice was articulate, and a fibre of my vitality quivered, are, Elgin Marbles! Elgin Marbles!"

THE CHAIN OF MEMORY.

In one of his entertainments, the late Charles Mathews suggested that personal imitation might be conveyed from one to another, so that Shakespeare might have been mimicked down to him. Haydon contends that intelligence might be transmitted by word of mouth from the ancient Greeks to the present day:—

"An old lady sat to Richardson; she when a girl had sat to Vandyke. She told Richardson, Vandyke's pictures looked whiter and fresher than at present; Richardson told Hudson, Hudson told Reynolds, Reynolds told Northcote, and Northcote told me. So that I can give you positive information up to Vandyke; and it is curious to calculate how easily, if these records of conversation were kept, positive facts might come down from Cimabue, or from the Greeks. The Greeks might remark to Cimabue, he to Giotto, Giotto to Taddeo Gaddi, he to his son, who might tell Cennini, so on clearly to Masaccio, Leonardo, Raffaele, Vasari, and Michael Angelo. People might tell the Caracci who well remembered Michael Angelo and Titian; others tell Rubens, who knew the Caracci. Rubens, Vandyke; Vandyke the old lady, she, Richardson, and then Hudson to Reynolds and Northcote, he to me, and I to you. Thus, it is clear, if everybody kept journals of their minds, and all they hear authentic in their time, great benefit must accrue to art and science in future generations. I do not mean journals of trifles, or which way the wind is, or where you supped, or when you took a walk to the Junction Canal; but of the remarkable sayings of great men you know, the first dawn of thought on a deep subject, embryo sketches of embryo ideas, &c."

PAINTING, MUSIC, AND POETRY ORDERING
SUPPER.

"Many years ago," Mr. Haydon says, "Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it that there was nothing painting or poetry could do, music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor. The musician played most exquisitely for three quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl, and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won, and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death."

THE ARTIST MAY STAY AT HOME FOR
IMPROVEMENT.

"Go to Italy, say all. Why? Did Phidias or Zeuxis, Euphranor or Praxiteles, leave Greece? Did Michael Angelo or Raffaelle, or Titian or Correggio, leave Italy? Go to Italy! We have the cartoons and Elgin Marbles, higher and purer standards than Italy can show. I say, stay at home. In Italy everything has been done; in England everything is to do. Stay in Britain, all ye who glory in enterprise; stay in Britain, and make her greater than Italy!"

NEVER TOO LATE TO IMPROVE.

The following good advice Mr. Haydon gives with his wonted confidence:—"I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about time of life; I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work on a new acquirement as at eighteen years, and perhaps more able. 'Was I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds; of course he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years, why did he not at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room, 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?' and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and thighs than nine pins. Why? because he only had the consciousness of imperfection without sufficient power to impel the remedy. After lamenting thus to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or adjourn to the club, to listen to the declamations of Johnson. Let every man begin at once, not to-morrow, but to-day, not by

and bye at four, but now, at six in the morning, or as soon as it is light."

WILKIE'S MODESTY.

An interesting account is given of Wilkie's modest diffidence at the opening of his career. It was with difficulty that Jackson persuaded him to send his first picture to the exhibition. Mr. Haydon adds:—"And I remember his (Wilkie's) bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition when he went, on the day it opened, May, 1806. On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, Friday and Saturday, the *News* said, 'A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work.' I immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. I found him in his parlour in Norton-street, at breakfast: 'Wilkie,' said I, 'your name is in the paper.' 'Is it really?' said he, staring with delight. I then read the puff *ore rotundo*, and Jackson, I, and 'he, in an ecstasy, joined hands and danced round the table!'

Reviews.

A Topographical History of Surrey. By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F. S. A., &c. Assisted by John Britton, F. S. A., &c. The Geological Section by Gideon Mantell, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. Vols. I and II, 4to, and 8vo. Dorking: Ede. London: Tilt and Bogue.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since the publication of Manning and Bray's dry and heavy, yet elaborate and useful, history and antiquities of the county of Surrey; and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the long-prevalent rage for illustrated topographical works, Surrey, one of the loveliest and most picturesque counties in England, should, from that period until the appearance of Mr. Brayley's volumes, have been utterly neglected by the historian, by the antiquary, and by the painter. The *desideratum* is at length in the course of being most satisfactorily produced. For such a task, two better names than those of Brayley and Britton, as attached to individuals of distinguished character in the literary, topographical, and antiquarian world could not have been selected; and with these the choice and associations of the eminent geologist, Dr. Mantell, is equally happy. The first and second volumes of the work are already before the public; and the third and fourth are simultaneously in progress, and will probably be completed early in the ensuing spring. It may not here be amiss to remark, that to meet the tastes and pockets of different classes of readers, the "History of Surrey" is produced in three forms—octavo, quarto, and

royal quarto; each edition, however, containing the same illustrations, finely engraved views of scenery, churches, noblemen's and gentlemen's seats, &c., on steel, with illuminated title-pages, ornamental letters, and an infinite variety of other embellishments in wood. The artistic department of the work has been judiciously placed under the superintendence of Mr. Allom, whose fine and tastefully-executed designs have enhanced the celebrity of many of the most popular works of our time.

Mr. Brayley, upon whom, we understand, the chief duty of inquiry, arrangement, and composition of the work has devolved, commences with a general history of the county of Surrey, during the British and Roman period; to this succeeds the Danish and Saxon period; then follows the period from the Norman Conquest to the reign of queen Mary; and, afterwards, from the reign of Elizabeth to the nineteenth century; the whole embracing, amongst an infinite variety of other topics, remarks on military service in the respective periods.

The next division of the work consists of historical and biographical memoirs of the earls of Warren and Surrey (and Thomas Holland, duke of Surrey), with a genealogical table from the time of William the Conqueror to the reign of Charles II.

After the memoirs we find, by way of introduction to the sketch of the geological characteristics of Surrey, by Dr. Mantell, some general notices relating to the county, its name, situation, climate, scenery, &c. "But a few years since," happily observes Dr. Mantell, whose noble collection of fossil remains, &c., has recently been transferred from Brighton to the British Museum, "the natural history of a province was restricted to a description of the indigenous animals and plants, and a brief notice of the most remarkable mineral productions. The progress of scientific knowledge has, however, opened a new and inexhaustible field of inquiry; and the naturalist is now called upon, not only to describe the physical geography, and the Fauna and Flora of a country, but also to investigate the geological changes which the district has undergone, and determine the nature and succession of the strata, and of the various races of beings by which the land was tenanted in ages antecedent to all human history or tradition."

Aided by several beautiful scientific illustrations, Dr. Mantell's "Sketch of the Geology of the County of Surrey" constitutes an extremely valuable portion of the work. Amongst its illustrations are two plates of Surrey fossils, and a map, with sections, indicating the geological strata of the country.

Independently of the Thames, which

forms the entire northern boundary of Surrey, from near the point called Charter Island, above Egham, on the west, to between one and two miles beyond the tunnel at Rotherhithe, on the east, the three principal rivers of the county—the Wey, the Mole, and the Wandle—are here very fully and graphically described. That remarkable stream, the Mole, which has been a theme for our poets in every age, is illustrated by a map, the result of an attentive personal inspection of the bed and banks of the river, with its celebrated swallows, by Mr. Brayley.

To this portion of the work succeeds an account of the mineral springs, the woodland districts, &c., of the county; also general remarks on its agriculture, with copious notices of the history and practices of its horticulture.

The historical notices of the origin of counties, hundreds, parishes, &c., will be found deserving the attention of the antiquary. The ecclesiastical history is extensive; and a document of some value presents itself in a table including the names of all parishes and livings throughout Surrey—the names of the incumbents, and the respective dates of their institution or appointment—the net value of each living—and a list of the patrons of all the existing benefices. Then we have notices of the parliamentary representatives of the county, with its division under the Reform Act, a list of its representatives from the year 1796 to the time of publication, &c.

After all this, the local descriptions of the work commences with the county, town, and borough of Guildford. The respective hundreds are taken in succession, and the parishes of each hundred are arranged in alphabetical order. These descriptions, interspersed as they are with valuable biographical notices, are copious, minute, and eminently satisfactory; extensive surveys and inspections having been made of every parish by Mr. Brayley, Mr. Harral, and other gentlemen in person. Indeed, the accuracy thus obtained, and only thus to be obtained, is one of the grand and most important features of the publication.

Three weeks ago we gave a view of Ham House, Petersham, with a description of the exterior of the building, from Mr. Brayley's History; in our last number we presented a view and description of Merton Church.

Londres et les Anglais. By Dr. Bureauad Riofrey. Ballière, London.

"When I began to study the history of London I had no other end in view than that of instructing myself. Placed in one of the most opulent and important cities of

the world, to follow a respected and justly honoured profession, I felt the necessity of studying and making myself familiar with all that surrounded me—the climate, the people, their habits and localities." Such is the prefatory apology that the doctor gives for introducing his work—which is one, in a philosophical point of view, of high importance—to public notice, and which will not only be serviceable and appreciated by Frenchmen, in whose language it is written, but will excite the interest of all who are conversant in the language of the Gaul.

The opinion that the doctor has formed of the English, and which opinion has resulted from a long abode in London, and from constant communication with the inhabitants, differs materially from that of many of his countrymen who are blind to all excellence save that which is French. This may be saying much, but a long sojourn with our neighbours on the other side of the channel made us often wish, with honest fervour, that petty jealousies did not rankle at and gnaw the hearts of many, of too many, of the French nation. Even from the doctor's own words such seems to be the impression that he entertains of the illiberality of his countrymen. "There is," he says, "an old adage, which exists, I believe, in all languages—'When we are at Rome, we must live, e'en as the Romans.' In England I have lived as the English do; the result is a knowledge of the English, which I could have by no other means obtained, and from that knowledge I freely admit that the more I became acquainted with the English, the more I liked them. This avowal may be prejudicial to our *amour-propre*, but there is honour in avowing it at a time when so much prejudice exists against them. It seems to me that that which acts so much against the English is the *constant cry* of their power and riches. One might say of them what the Athenian said of Aristides—"That he was banished because the people were annoyed at hearing him constantly called the Sage." Nations might willingly banish England from Europe if they could; but for my part I look upon the English as one of the first, if not the first, people in the world. For see what nature has done for them, and see what the people have done for themselves." To the prejudiced the perusal of "London and the English" will be highly beneficial, as it may do more than initiate them into the manners and customs of the people; it may do more than instruct them in events, the startling effects of which were felt throughout the two hemispheres; it may teach them the propriety of *knowing* before *condemning*—of acting differently from the blind man, who

persisted that there was no sun because he could not see it.

The style in which "Londres et les Anglais" is written is pure and flowing, the incidents are graphically described, and the historical facts are laid down and decanted upon with a degree of praiseworthy impartiality.

The Gutterer.

Ede's Royal Heraldic Ink.—At page 252 of the present volume, we noticed an interesting invention by Mr. Ede, of the great perfumery establishment at Dorking, in Surrey—an indelible marking ink, by which, with a simple, yet elegant apparatus, every description of linen, from the finest muslins and laces, to the coarsest fabrics for domestic use, are marked with extraordinary facility, without the slightest blot or slur, the impressions are invariably neat and elegant, with brilliancy and durability of colour. Since the notice referred to appeared in *The Mirror*, Mr. Ede (who is, by special appointment, perfumer to her majesty), has greatly improved upon his original invention, by means of the electrolyte process. By means of that process, he imparts a durable coating of silver to moveable metallic types, similar to those employed for letter-press; thus superseding the necessity of having an engraved stamp in silver—materially economising the costs—and enabling the purchaser to be immediately supplied with initials, names, mottoes, &c., to any extent, and in any description of letter he may prefer.

The New Royal Exchange.—The cost of rebuilding the Exchange, together with the improvements in its immediate vicinity, is stated to be upwards of £400,000. The rental is estimated at £14,000 per annum. The Royal Exchange Assurance Company is rented at £2400; Lloyd's at £2000; and the London Assurance at £1400.

Lord Norbury's Best.—An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling," said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea: go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

American Embodiment of a Whig.—The Americans are, indeed, a funny sort of people. The following is one of many spe-

cimens of the numerous plans adopted by the several newspapers opposed to the election of Henry Clay to the presidential chair, and intended in ridicule of him. There is a cut in the paper from which we copy it, representing Mr. Clay's coat of arms, with the words "shoot lower" across it, and "war, pestilence, and famine," at one corner four or five playing cards, and at the opposite end a pistol cocked. At the head he is represented firing at his opponent, and a bottle in the centre of the assailant, marked "brandy."

THE "EMBODYMENT."

"Henry
Clay, the liv-
ing personification
and embodiment of
whig principles."
Whig address.
In 1777
born: In
1805 quarrelled
with Col. Davis, of Ken-
tucky, which led to his first duel:
In 1808, he challenged Humphrey Mar-
shall, and fired three times at his heart:
In 1825 he challenged the great John
Randolph, and fired once at his heart,
but without effect: In 1838 he par-
ticipated in the CILLY DUEL with which
a MURDER was perpetrat-
ed, and a wife made am-
an: in 1841, when 65
years old and grey
died, is under 5000 dol-
lars BOND to KEEP the
PEACE! At the age of 29
he PERJURED HIMSELF to
secure a seat in the United
States Senate. In 1824 he made
an infamous bargain with John Quincy
Adams, by which he SOLD OUT
for a £1200 a year OFFICE. He
is also well known as a GAM-
BLER and a SA-
BBATH BREAK-
ERER. His POLITICS
are precisely those of
the Hart-
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BLOOD AND

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MURDER!"

Glut of Fish.—So great was the glut of fresh herrings at Billingsgate on Friday, that they were selling in Clare market at 3*jd.* per dozen, and were cried throughout the various streets of the metropolis, being perfectly fresh and in full season, at 3*d.* per dozen, whilst fresh pilchards, a fish very rarely seen in the London markets, were selling at the rate of 1*jd.* per dozen; and flounders were offered at the low price of 1*d.* per score.

Reduction of Railway Fares.—The new act of parliament for the regulation of the fares on railways came into operation last Friday. The inspectors appointed by the government have been for some time past busily engaged in visiting the different railway termini, for the purpose of inspecting the new third-class carriages, which have been constructed according to the act of parliament.

Church Wardens' Law.—Mr. Norris, church warden of Devizes, has announced that any person leaving the church before the celebration of the Communion service shall be cited into the Ecclesiastical Court.

York Minster.—The committee for superintending the restoration of the York Minster have, after more than five years' labour, successfully executed their task, and have in hand a balance, which they recommend the subscribers to permit them to use for the remedying of some defects not attributable to fire, by which the security of the building was endangered.

A Strong Hint.—A young lady told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to receive for her industry. The gentleman, in answer, sent her a new thimble the following morning, accompanied by these lines:—

"I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
'Twill last very long, if but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it!"

Pigeons' Milk.—One of the chief peculiarities of the common house-pigeon is the double dilatation of the crop, which expands on each side of the gullet, and which the bird is capable of distending with air, as is remarkably shown in the common cropper or pouter. It is in this receptacle that the food of the young is elaborated by being impregnated with a milky fluid, this fluid being more or less abundantly secreted according to the age of the squabs. The fluid is of a greyish milky colour, coagulates with acids, and forms curd; so that, after all, "pigeons' milk" is not the rare and impossible commodity which the common joke supposes.

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